



I Am From

Shreya Thakekar, Lamar High School

I am from the sound of too many cousins laughing at 12 am.
The smell of all the species being used for Saturday's potluck.
And the blaring music at a 3 day Indian wedding.

I am from the smell of henna.
After washing it off after leaving it on for 2 hours to stain.
I am from the teacher who always mispronounces my name.

I am from multiple lights being lit during the month of November.
During the festival of new beginnings and good over evil.
Going house to house to give everyone the Diwali sweets.
And the glare of fireworks as our smiles so brightened.

I am from "Hey y'all" and "watch the skeeters."
And disputes over who pays the bill at dinner.
"I'LL PAY IT NEXT TIME OR I WON'T COME."

I am from adding chili flakes to everything,
because it's not spicy enough yet.
I am from dressing big and glamorous.
Wearing my favorite lengha at Garba.

I am from a place full of love.
Not to mention brutal honesty.
I am from the "Home is Family sign" at the front door.